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THE COMING OF THE DAISIES.

There's no life without its winter, There's no year without its sleep, For the picture must be shaded— 'Tis the bitter makes the sweet. And even in stern December, Trustful hearts can hear this strain— At the coming of the daisies, We shall all be glad again. Unto the happiest being The sad touch of grief will come, And Nature must have her season When the woods and streams are dumb, But hearts were not made for sorrow, The meads will their green regain, And the coming of the daisies Shall make us all glad again. Oh! despairing hearts that murmur, Hope has happy dreams for you; Darkness cannot rest forever In the bosoms of the true. Hear this whisper, in the breeze,— In the beat of the warm rain— At the coming of the daisies We shall all be glad again. Have faith when life is sorrowful With memories of the dead; Remember there is a summer Where the leaves are never shed. With face to that better country, Find hope in my song's refrain— At the coming of the daisies The earth shall be new again. —William Lyle, in Rochester Democrat.

MRS. BAKER'S RELIGION.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"Mrs. Baker, ma wants to know if you can't come and sit up with granny to-night. She's worse, and ma 'n Tilly's 'bout worn out." Mrs. Baker was frying crullers on the kitchen stove when little Tom Marsh came in to deliver his message. She had been at work all day, and was tired, warm and considerably out of temper. She was certainly in anything but a mood to confer favors. "No, I can't," she snapped, turning upon little Tom a face scarlet from the glow of the hot fire. "Your mother ought to know better 'n to send for me. I told her only yesterday that I was up to my eyes in work, and that I expected company to-morrow. She'll have to find some one else. Goodness knows, I put myself out enough for folks without being called on to be a sick-nurse," and she resumed her frying, while Tom ran home to report his non-success. "Mother," said Madge, coming into the kitchen just as Mrs. Baker, having finished the frying of the crullers, was removing the kettle of lard from the stove. "I've fixed the spare room up beautifully. I know you'll be pleased with it. And to-morrow I'll fill the mantel-vases with flowers just before Mr. and Mrs. Spar come. And mother," very timidly, "would you be willing for me to ask the Shakespeare club to meet here next Tuesday evening? They have never met here, and I've been a member over a year." "You must be out of your senses," said Mrs. Baker, crossly. "Do you suppose I'd let two dozen people come traipsing over my parlor carpet, and breaking, tearing and burning everything? I'm not so foolish." "You speak as if they were so many wild animals," said Madge, in a tone of some resentment. "They act like wild animals," said Mrs. Baker. "I'd like to know if they didn't burn up one of Mrs. Clarke's lace curtains?" "That was an accident," said Madge, "and not likely to occur a second time. Mary Lewis pushed a gas jet to one side so as to see the glass better, and didn't notice that she pushed it right into the curtain. Mrs. Clarke didn't blame her at all." "She can afford to have her curtains burned up, perhaps. I can't. Don't argue the subject, Madge. When I say 'no' I mean it, as you ought to have learned by this time." "I have learned that and a good many other things, too, mother. I know I often wish I was back at boarding-school." "It's like you to say that! It shows your ingratitude." "I don't mean to be ungrateful; but I know you don't make things very pleasant for me at home. Susie Clarke could have the club at her house every night in the week if she wanted to." "There, that's enough! Go upstairs until you can learn to control your temper," said Mrs. Baker, going into the pantry; and Madge went out, closing the door behind her with a good deal of unnecessary noise. "You look tired, Sarah," said John Baker, coming in as his wife was putting supper on the table. "I've good cause to look so," was the response. "I've worked like a galley slave ever since sunrise." "Where's Madge been?" "Oh, I never depend on Madge. And I might work my fingers to the bone without its affecting her in the least." "You do the child injustice, Sarah. She's always willing to help, as far as I see." "You never see very far." "Perhaps not. By-the-way," with a very natural wish to change the subject, "Hiram Long shot old Miss Starr's cow to-day. You know he said he would if it ever broke into his corn-patch again. The old lady's 'bout wild over it." "Serves her right!" said Mrs. Baker, curtly. "That ain't Christian-like, Sarah." "He gave her warnings enough," said Mrs. Baker, "and she knew he was the sort of a man to keep a promise of that kind. Why didn't she keep the cow tied up?" "She said the creature would break loose no matter how she tied her. And it does seem a hard case. The cow was

the old lady's only support. I was thinking, Sarah, if we couldn't do something for her? You being on the relief committee, you know, could easily—" "John Baker, do you suppose—do you actually suppose I'm going to lift one finger to help that old woman who insulted me ten years ago? It would look well for me to be rushing to her aid now." "I think help would look better comin' from you than from any one else, Sarah. She'd know you'd forgiven the past, and that your religion meant something." "When she comes to me and asks my pardon for what she did ten years ago, I'll think about helping her," said Mrs. Baker, coldly, ill-pleased at her husband's criticism. "I do my duty as far as I see it, and I flatter myself I'm as good as the general run o' folks." The entrance of Madge prevented further conversation on the subject, and with a heavy sigh John Baker took his seat at the supper-table. He noticed that his daughter's eyes were very red, but did not question her about them, for he suspected the cause of their condition. But he was more than usually kind in his manner to her, and on rising from the table slipped a silver dollar in her hand, whispering: "Buy yourself some little trinket, darling." The unexpected gift, coupled with the tender words, proved too much for Madge in the over-strained condition of her nerves. Throwing her arms about her father's neck, she laid her head on his breast and burst into a tempest of sobs and tears. And the eyes of the father were dim as he tried to soothe her. "This is perfectly ridiculous," said Mrs. Baker, exasperated at the scene. "One would think the girl was seven years old instead of seventeen. Leave the room, Madge, and don't come back again until you can behave yourself." "You're too hard on the child, Sarah," said John Baker, as Madge went out, sobbing wildly. "She's all we've got, and we'd ought to make her home happy." "And do you pretend to say that I make it unhappy?" demanded Mrs. Baker. "You just spoil her out of all reason. She don't know what she really does want, and so she makes mountains out o' mole-hills. If she had to drudge as Lucy Cole does she'd have room for complaint. I wish you wouldn't put notions into her head. I have work enough to manage her without your setting her up to think herself abused." John Baker said no more. He knew by long experience that further argument would be useless. Sarah called herself a Christian, and was one of the most active members of the Calvary church; every Thursday evening her voice was heard in prayer-meeting, and she held prominent positions on various committees appointed by the elders. She was always ready to join in plans to pay the church debt; she was the chief worker in every fair and sociable; her contributions to the poor box and to the foreign missions were always large, and the minister depended greatly upon her help in every scheme in which practical energy was required. But her religion seemed to drop from her heart like a cloak from her shoulders when she entered her own home. She did not appear to think it necessary to exercise it there at all. The gentle reproofs of her good-natured husband and the rebellion of her pretty daughter only irritated her without bringing her to see where she erred. She was very angry now, and began to clear the table with unusual energy. But as John took his hat and went out on some errand at the village postoffice, and she was left alone, she grew calmer, and by the time the dishes were all washed and put away her irritation was almost forgotten. "I guess I'll run over and see Mrs. Marsh a minute," she said to herself, as she took off her big gingham apron and hung it up. "Like as not that Tom told her all I said. He's not to enjoy making a fuss, and I don't want any hard feeling. So I'll just step over and tell her myself why I can't sit up with her mother." Mrs. Marsh and Mrs. Baker were very near neighbors, and had always been very intimate. They were accustomed to running into the houses of each other at any hour without the ceremony of a ring or a knock, and so Mrs. Baker went around to the back of the house when she reached Mrs. Marsh's, and, finding the kitchen door open, stepped in at once. As she did so she heard the sound of voices in the adjoining room, the door of which was ajar. She had advanced half-way across the kitchen, intending to make her presence known, when the sound of her own name spoken by a voice which she recognized as belonging to Mrs. Long, another neighbor, made her pause. "Mrs. Baker's religion ain't the kind that stands soap and water," this woman was saying. "It hasn't made a spark o' difference in her. She's as stiff-necked as ever. She may be good at rushin' round to society meetin's, but as for makin' personal sacrifices, it ain't in her." Mrs. Baker heard, and trembled with indignation, but worse was to come. "She certainly doesn't carry her religion with her into her daily life," said the voice of Mrs. Marsh, "and that's the only true kind of religion, I think. She keeps hers for show, not for use. I'm intimate enough at her house to know that." "She bottles it up and takes the cork out only on Sundays and at prayer-meetings," and Mrs. Baker recognized Tilly Marsh's high treble. "It's a convenient kind of religion, you see. But it don't impose upon any one but herself." "When a person makes professions, they'd oughter stand by them every day in the year," said Mrs. Long. "Mrs.

Baker preaches a sight, but she don't practice wuth anything." For a moment Mrs. Baker was tempted to rush into the next room and frankly tell her neighbors "what she thought of them;" but angry as she was, an instant's deliberation convinced her that such a course would be highly injudicious, and might lead to a scandal which would afford the village gossip for months to come. So, without giving any intimation of her presence, she hurriedly left the house. "So this is how my neighbors talk of me behind my back!" she murmured, as she reached her own kitchen again, and threw off her hat and shawl. "This is how I am traduced because I would not sit up all night with a querulous old woman." She was very, very angry; but gradually she grew calm, and began to think over quietly all she had heard. The longer she thought, the more reasonable seemed the charges which had been brought against her. Had she brought her religion into her daily life? Was it not true that it was kept more for show than for wear? Bottled up, as Tilly had said, and the cork taken out only on Sundays in prayer-meeting. Had her religion made her more lenient to the faults of her daughter? Had it caused her to be more gentle and kind to her husband? Had it caused her to forgive old Miss Starr an offense of ten years' standing? Poor Mrs. Baker! the truth brought home to her thus roughly from other lips did more toward opening her eyes to her own past conduct than any advice or counsel, however kindly meant, could have done. When John came in at 10 o'clock he was surprised to find his wife in tears. Such a sight was extremely novel to say the least, and he was very much distressed by it. But he was not given any key to the mystery. Sarah took up her candle and went to bed without a word. Madge thought her mother strangely silent and subdued the next morning, and watched her with some anxiety. "I'm afraid mother's going to be sick," she said to her father, following him out into the yard when he went to the pump for a pail of water. "She does act sorter queer," admitted John. "We must just be gentle with her and not answer her back if she gets riled." As Madge came back into the kitchen again her mother looked up from the pan of milk she was skimming. "You can have your club meet here on Tuesday if you choose, Madge," she said. "I've thought better of what I said yesterday." "Oh, mother, how good of you!" cried Madge, running to kiss her—a caress which Mrs. Baker received very kindly. "We shall be ever so careful of the carpet and curtains. And I want to tell you, mother, that I am sorry I made such a fuss last night. It was ridiculous, as you said, and I'm ashamed of myself. And I beg your pardon for speaking to you as I did, too." "We'll both forget all about it," said Mrs. Baker; "and now"—as John came in with the water—"I want to hold a consultation about Miss Starr. It is only right that we should do what we can to help her. What do you say to a subscription to buy her another cow, John? I should think we could raise enough to buy her a milker quite as good as old Queen." "Just the thing!" exclaimed John. "You have such a clear head, Sarah! I'll put my name down for three dollars." "And I will carry the subscription-paper around," said Madge. "I'm a first-class beggar, you know!" The news that Mrs. Baker had undertaken to restore to Mrs. Starr her means of livelihood flew about the village like wildfire, and a handsome sum was soon raised for the old lady, whose gratitude to her former enemy was very touching. She could not say enough in Mrs. Baker's praise. The first step is always the hardest. Mrs. Baker found it not at all difficult to keep on in the new path into which she had stepped. There were, very naturally, times when she forgot her new resolutions; but the thought of Miss Tilly's remark about her religion was always sufficient to give her strength to begin again. "How good of you, Mrs. Baker, to take up the cause of that poor Mrs. Starr!" said Tilly Marsh, one day, when she met her neighbor in the village street. "It was only my duty," said Mrs. Baker. "I was the only person to see to her, you know, since I am on the relief committee." When Miss Tilly went home she said to her mother that she felt sure they had done Mrs. Baker injustice in thinking her vainglorious and selfish. "Perhaps we did," said Mrs. Marsh. "I don't understand her lately. She isn't at all as she used to be. Something has changed her. I wish I knew what it was." But she never did. How to Preserve the Voice. Emma Abbott, the singer, says: "There is only one way to preserve the voice that I know of and that is so simple that it should not be forgotten. The secret is, don't force it. Don't force it at any time, but especially do not force it into practice. I know it used to be the custom to teach a singer to bellow everything, but to bellow is not to sing, and I am not an artist because I rush at everything with all the wind of a blacksmith's forge. I used to imagine that it was necessary to howl in order to show that I could sing, but I know better now. And who have taught me so, you would ask? My answer is only three other women, but those three are Jennie Lind, Alboni and Adelina Patti." Georgia now has a law requiring hotels that do not use real butter to display a sign conspicuously: "This house uses oleomargarine."

DANGERS OF THE OCEAN.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST LOSS EVER KNOWN.

The Disaster of 1782—30,000 Men and \$100,000,000 of Property Go to the Bottom of the Atlantic. The recent sinking of the steamer Danfel Steinmann, near Sambro light, and the dreadful loss of life accompanying the occasion, renders, in connection with the summer hegira to Europe, all matters pertaining to ocean travel of interest. Ocean disasters are of no rare occurrence, but one took place over a hundred years ago whose very age makes it news to the present generation. It was an American-Atlantic gale, and one fleet went down in it whose loss of human lives and property is unparalleled in history. How many vessels and men went down in that great September gale of 1782 will never be known; but out of the great "Blue Field" fleet, on its homeward way from the West Indies to England, and composed of about 100 ships, consisting of richly laden merchantmen, convoying men-of-war, and captured frigates and war vessels, over sixty were never heard of, 30,000 men of that single fleet went down to their graves in the Atlantic, and it was estimated that the loss to England was directly £20,000,000, or \$100,000,000. Truly for four days' work there is nothing in the world's history to reach it, and though it occurred but yesterday—to-day it is nearly forgotten, and of the thousands who pass the Newfoundland banks it is a very small percentage who know of the great graveyard of 1782 that lies in their close vicinity. This doomed fleet was sent back from the Musquitto coast in charge of Admiral, afterward Lord, Graves. Lord Rodney was in command of the British vessels, and in connection with Sir Thomas Hood, had captured numerous French men-of-war from the Counts de Grasse and d'Estang, as well as American vessels and heavily-loaded merchantmen from both nations. These, with a large fleet of British merchantmen, all well loaded; transports and vessels returning with the sick and disabled, were placed under convoy of Admiral Graves, and the protection of the flagship Ramillies, seventy-four guns, Canada and Centaur seventy-four guns each, frigate Pallas, thirty-six guns, Ville-de-Paris, 110 guns, war vessels Glorieux, Caton, Ardent, Jason, Hector, and a number of others. It has been estimated that there were 3,500 cannon in this great fleet, of about one hundred vessels. The vessels started on their disastrous voyage July 25, and made slow progress against heavy winds. On September 16 a heavy gale sprang up in the afternoon, and on board the flagship Ramillies the top-gallant yards and masts were sent down, the sails furling and the ship brought to under a mainsail on the larboard tack. The fleet was well bunched around the flagship and the other vessels speedily followed her example so far as practicable. During the night the wind was a gale, when at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 17th it whirled around into a directly opposite quarter, took the Ramillies by the lee, her main and mizzen masts went by the board, the foretop mast fell over the starboard bow, numbers of the yards broke in their slings, the tiller snapped, the rudder was nearly torn off, and in thirty seconds this great, mortal giant lay a wreck on the crumpled tops of a seething ocean, swept to a dead-level by a hurricane's knife-like hand. How many of the consorting vessels went down in that awful blast will never be known. Nobly the great Ramillies stood up against fate. Her copper sheathing was beaten off, the oakum left her seams and the waters poured in. Now came the fight for life. Gun after gun, cable after cable, shot after shot and bower after bower were given over as a sacrifice to the wrath of the deep. Whips and buckets and pumps were going in all directions. Raw hides were stretched and nailed for and aft. It all prolonged the vessel's life, but could not save it. Gallantly she fought for existence until the evening of the 19th. Then a part of her orlop-deck was in her hold, her seams were gaping wide, she was a shabby rick-work of loose bolts and timbers, and evidently settling forward. Some of the merchantmen that still remained above water with their spars gone and sides stove came as near to the rescue as possible, and with vast difficulty the crew of the Ramillies was scattered among them. This done, and with a hatred of the storm that had wrecked their gallant vessel, a hatred that a seaman alone knows, the torch was applied to her magazine and the brave ship, with her last gasp, defied her enemy and became her own executioner. Such was the fate of the Ramillies. Of the rest of that great fleet, the gigantic Ville de Paris, with her 2,000 souls, went down with all on board, and not a mortal eye saw her sink. The Centaur, Glorieux, Hector (men-of-war) and a number of the merchantmen went down like the vast Paris—with none to see their death and none left to tell the tale of their final miseries. Of the others, some were seen to sink, the alarm gongs of others were heard, and some were seen to drive before the gale, masted, rudderless and helpless. About twenty-five vessels out of the hundred comprising the fleet are supposed to have kept afloat. These reached different ports in sad plight. Some brought up at Halifax, some in Plymouth Sound, others at Bristol, at Irish ports and in France. This last refuge served to be the mockery of misery. The line-ship Canada, seventy-four guns, was sighted by the survivors of the American-Atlantic tornado half hull down, having her main-top and mizzen-masts gone, with her main yard aloft and the sail blown from the gasket. The impression was that she would go down to the bottom. But she did not. With a marvellously fleet heel she outstripped the entire sur-

AMBER AND ITS USES.

The value of amber, familiarized as the substance is in "smokers' requisites," is far greater than the majority imagine. Small pieces of indifferent quality suffice for the mouthpieces of pipes and for isolated ornaments, and though the prices charged for even such specimens as these are far above their actual worth, they are comparatively cheap. In necklaces, however, where every bead has exactly to match its fellow, or in the larger articles, requiring to be cut from a single piece of considerable size, the cost and real worth of the fossil gum rises so rapidly that in certain cases it deserves, if the money charged for it be any criterion, to rank with the "precious" minerals, and many pieces of amber in the rough state are worth more than their bulk in gold. Yet even this does not approach by a long way the esteem in which antiquity held electrum; for not only was amber the oldest of gems, and therefore, in a measure, magnified by traditional reputation, but it was supposed to possess amazing occult properties. It was worn all over Northern Italy as a preventive of goitre, just as it is worn to-day by the people of Arabia as a talisman against the evil eye. More powerful than sorcery and witchcraft, it was an amulet that made poisons harmless; ground up with honey and oil of roses, it was a specific for deafness, and with Attic honey, for dimness of sight. Nor is the claim of medicinal virtue altogether without foundation, in fact, for "its efficacy as a defence of the throat against chills"—owing probably to "the extreme warmth when in contact with the skin and the circle of electricity so maintained"—has been tested and substantiated. The ancients, however, were not content with mystic curative powers in the solid substance, they ascribed valuable properties to it in combustion, admiring the perfume that resulted not only for its resinous fragrance, but for its healthfulness, thereby innocently detecting in the fossil pine gum the same virtues that modern physic attributes to the living pines. In many parts of the East, especially in China, where prodigious quantities of Prussian amber are consumed, this substance is preferred to all others for incense; and thus the Buddhist shrines in the palaces of Peking and the holy palaces of Mohammedan Mecca alike owe the fragrance of pious fumes to the same strange, beautiful source—the dead fir forests of a pre-historic Europe. Nevertheless the chief charm, both for the past and present, lies in the positive beauty of a mineral. Franklin and Adams as Room-Mates. Here is a funny old story which has never been printed, and it is true, having come down among the traditions of the old families of Massachusetts, says a Boston lady: Some time during the revolutionary period, or a little after, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin were dispatched from Philadelphia, I believe, to this State, on a public errand. Adams had a mortal antipathy, shared by him along with the majority of mankind at that day, against the night air. He believed that if he kept his bedroom window open even a crack at night he would surely die. Franklin, on the other hand, was a disbeliever in the theory of danger in the night air, and he had many arguments with Adams thereon. Circumstances and the crowded condition of many of the taverns they stopped at on their journey eastward compelled them frequently to occupy the same room, and often the same bed. Adams always opposed raising the window, and poor Ben nearly suffocated and reviled Adams on waking for his wretched theory of the deadly effects of nature's universal medium of breath. One night Ben slyly raised a window in their common chamber, but Adams, on the alert for his friend's little games, insisted that it should be closed at once. Said crafty Ben: "Now, Mr. Adams, we'll go to bed with the window up, and I will show you why it will not be harmful to us to permit it to stay open. If I cannot convince you of the reasonableness of my theory, I will myself get up and close the window." Adams weakly consented, and Ben began to reason with him. Finally poor Adams was talked to sleep, and Ben tranquilly resigned himself to slumber. Next morning great was Adams' horror at finding the window up, but not having died during the night, and feeling no ill effects from having breathed the night air, he became a convert to sly Benjamin's night-air theory. The author of a history of America during the colonial epoch told me this anecdote as something amusing, which has hitherto escaped type. France of all European countries has the largest percentage of electors to the population, 26.85 to every 100 inhabitants; Switzerland, with 22.55, stands second; Germany third, with 20.08, Denmark fourth, with 15.16; England fifth, with 8.83. Krupp is building a hammer that weighs fifty tons and will cost over two million dollars. No doubt such a hammer will come handy during house-cleaning, but we shouldn't like to hold the tack.—Philadelphia Call. A "frontier settlement" is frequently made with a shotgun.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not; how much of wrong is done, How many hearts with sorrow wrung Purer, perhaps, than thine; Because suspicion, like a blight, Has changed their hope to gloom of night Though brightly hope did shine. Judge not; how many a soul has been Driven by scorn to deeds of sin, Which had been pure without Believe not all reports as true, But give to them what is their due. An ever-honest doubt. Judge not; what right have we to say, "Our brother meaneth harm alway," But let us rather give That Christian grace of charity, Which we would were given, if we Under reproach should live. Our judgment, what a hasty thing! And oh! how deadly is its sting! The one it strikes must bear Perhaps for years the wound it gives; And still the scar the wound outlives. Oh, let us then beware! —The Guide. HUMOR OF THE DAY. A false profit—ill-gotten gains. Always getting into scrapes—Nut megs. "Do take some more of the vegetables, Mr. Blood, for they go to the pigs, anyway."—Harvard Lampoon. Colored waiters are the best. Whatever is said at the table they will be sure to keep dark.—New Orleans Item. "Half a loaf is better than no leisure," remarked the tramp, as he settled himself for a nap on a park bench.—New York Life. A young woman is about to open a cigar store in New York. We have no doubt she will have capital to back her.—Boston Bulletin. Jay Gould's income is reckoned to be at the rate of \$3 a minute. When a man asks him for a minute it means something.—Statesman. The sunsets are still red, which is more than can be said of a great many scientific articles being published on the subject.—Cincinnati Times-Star. A Japanese woman dresses her hair only once in four days. This gives the rest of the family an occasional glance at the mirror.—Bismarck Tribune. When freedom from her mountain height Unfurled her standard to the breeze She gave the ladies perfect right To do all things—just as they please.—Chicago Sun. A man has been arrested in London for simply laying up something for a rainy day. In his room over nine hundred umbrellas were discovered.—Norristown Herald. A preacher having married a couple in the church the other day, unfortunately gave out as the very next hymn, "Mistaken souls that dream of Heaven."—Chicago Sun. "You can lead a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink," says the old saw. You couldn't make some men drink, either, if you took them to a hydrant.—Hawkeye. A young dude once went to Tahiti, But the natives all thought as a sweetie They would find him so good, That they used him for food; Or, to put it more plainly, they eat he.—The Judge. There is probably nothing in this transitory world that will yield larger and quicker returns on the amount invested, than poking a wisp with your finger to see if he feels well.—Chicago Sun. "Into the lilt of love's blithe measure There has crept a curious jar and halt," sings Ella Wheeler. It appears that Ella's pa, too, comes down to the gate sometimes in his largest pair of boots.—Courier-Journal. A Philadelphia man compels his daughter to eat onions every night for supper, and thus assures himself that he can shut the house at 10 o'clock without locking in a strange young man.—Burlington Free Press. Kaiser William, King George, of Greece, and King Christian, of Denmark, will meet this summer in Weisbaden. Opposition summer resorts will have to hold a pretty good hand to beat three Kings.—Norristown Herald. A Canal street storekeeper conceived and executed the plan of putting up the sign, "Admission Free," over the door of his store, and his place has been crowded ever since. The average human being does love a free show.—Pleasant. Some one says "no thoroughly occupied man was ever miserable." The Philadelphia News is convinced that that man evidently doesn't know what it is to attempt the feat of keeping twin babies quiet while their mother goes to church. "Yes," said the English nobleman, "I was disgusted with Newport. Why, there were two other earls there when I arrived, and I didn't begin to monopolize all the attention. America is becoming too overrun with noblemen."—Boston Post. A little fellow with a tall, stalwart wife was asked by a friend if the contrast between them didn't often expose him to mortifying remarks. "Oh, I don't mind that," he said, cheerfully, "but since Sarah's grown near-sighted, I have to look sharp for fear she'll step on me."—Brooklyn Eagle. Clara Morris says her "stage tears are real tears." "Well, great Scott, they ought to be! She's paid enough for them. The idea of a woman getting \$600 for weeping and then palming off imitation weeps on an unsuspecting, confiding audience that has paid \$1.50 for reserved seats! Why, we didn't suppose that any actor or actress of prominence would cry anything but real tears. You can't expect the property man to furnish emotion, we don't suppose."—Hawkeye.